WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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THE MAID OF ST. MARINO.

[Continued from our laſt.]

"Powers of goodneſs, what means this madman?" His apoſtrophe now met with a fearful interruption from the chamber of death, for he plainly diſtinguiſhed this ſentence "Roderigo is a fratricide!" The voice that uttered an accuſation ſo ſhocking, ſounded hollow, yet piercing, and Tancred tremblingly aſſerted, that every one beneath that roof had heard thoſe very words repeatedly. He was going on, when the approach of ſeveral people ſeemed to relieve Vanzenza's benumbed faculties, who, ſtepping forward, perceived ſeveral domeſtics, well armed, and headed by two officers of the police armed alſo; and before the Count could demand their buſineſs, at an hour ſo unuſual, he was ſurrounded by them, ſeized, and ſtrongly ſecured. In vain did he attempt to learn the cauſe of this violence; in vain ſtruggle to diſengage himſelf; the combination was too powerful for effectual reſiſtance, and he was dragged to the great entrance of the Caſtle, where ſeveral horſes were in waiting, on one of which he was mounted, and conveyed to Naples, where, to his utter aſtoniſhment, he was accuſed (ſuch was the ſuperſtition of thoſe times) as acceſſary to his brother's death; and this, ſolely on the ſtrength of that myſterious information which had been frequently repeated, and which himſelf had witneſſed on the preceding night.

His defence, which was manly, ſpirited, and pathetic, procured him neither credence, nor mercy. The evidence of a ſuppoſed apparition deſtroyed every effect of ſimple truth; and, although it amounted not to full conviction, was ſufficient to juſtify his perſecutors in their application of the torture. Vanzenza bore this barbarous proof of concealed villany with wonderful conſtancy; and, after, two years' impriſonment, he was permitted to depart from Naples, and, although acquitted, with a ſtrict prohibition never to appear within the Neapolitan juriſdiction; conſequently he was precluded the poſſibility of attempting any inveſtigation of his late dreadful proſecution.

To add to the Count's diſtreſs, he was informed that his beloved wife and family were involved in the extended ruin. Baniſhed from their peaceful villa, at Riombino, no one could tell what was become of them; and as Vanzenza had been merely a ſoldier of fortune, he was well aſſured, if living, poverty at beſt muſt be their portion. Thus oppreſſed, deſerted, afflicted with cruel pains, and an incurable lameneſs (the conſequence of the torturing rack,) he ſought ſome ſequeſtered abode, where he might breathe out an exiſtence embittered by ſuch various calamities; and after wandering about for three years, enduring all the viciſſitudes incident to his ſad ſituation, it occurred to him to try his fate at St Marino. How he ſucceeded has been ſeen; for, although pennileſs, he was not rejected; although friendleſs on his arrival, he ſoon procured, by that letter of recommendation—an open, candid manner—every convenience neceſſary to his comfort. We ſhall conclude this abſtraction with the finiſhing lines of his memoir, and which run as follows.

"Hail to this peaceful, this long-ſought retirement! Hail to that Being, who, for wiſe and gracious purpoſes, has conducted my ſteps far from the haunts of cruelty and blood; where ſuperſtition has no power, where infernal treachery can no longer tear the heart-ſtrings of unoffended innocence. Here I can coolly reviſe the incidents of a life oppreſſed by dark and unknown aſſaſſins. Dear, murdered Francis, repoſe in ſilence. The truth will appear; thy injured heir will be reinſtated, if not in his own perſon, yet in his offſpring. But, ah! Leonora—doſt thou not taſte the bitter cup of which thy Roderigo has ſo deeply drank? Haſt thou not ſunk beneath ——But, be ſtill, impatient ſpirit, nor ſlight the bleſſings ſtill left in thy poſſeſſion: again thou ſeeſt in every countenance a friendly regard. Yonder ſweet maid, that miniſters with ſo much delighted attention to the wants of ſuffering humanity, adds to thy comfort, and gives thee inexpreſſible pleaſure! Her ſoft eyes, beaming with pity, reminds me that Gentleneſs and Mercy have taken up their abode at Marino. She is the child of Humility!—and Hope itſelf cannot look that way————————Beangana, too! thou beſt of miſtreſſes!—Alas! could'ſt thou have interfered————Richard—noble, unfortunate king of England—hard was thy fate!—and dare Roderigo murmur?"

From this laſt hint, it appeared that the misfortune of that noble pair precluded the Count's attempts to ſolicit their aſſiſtance; ſo that his enemies had completely triumphed. How they effected his ſecond ſeizure he gathered from Alonzo, who informed him that Signor Taverini had lately brought forward two of the Lazorini at Naples, who, though in general an inoffenſive body of people, occaſionally procured corrupted members; and theſe had poſitively ſworn to the murder of Count Francis as committed by three of their brethren, themſelves; and although ſtrongly tempted by Taverini to join the infernal compact, decidedly refuſed to take an active part. He alſo ſaid, they were engaged to appear againſt his priſoner on his arrival at Naples. Alonzo then ſpoke of the infinite trouble himſelf and companions had met with in their ſearch after the Count. To the latter part of this information that unhappy nobleman was deaf. Taverini, the relative of Lady Juliana, and uſurper of his rights at the Caſtle, now confeſſedly his proſecutor, took up all his thoughts. His former ſuſpicions gained ſtrength; there was a coalition, he now fancied, between the two; and he felt eager to face them; but he had no counſel, no protector: his royal friends, Richard and Beangana, were no more; the judges were already prejudiced—had already evinced their ſenſe of his imputed guilt, by inflicting the torture. What, then, could he again expect—but ſimilar treatment? Thus mentally arguing upon the poſſible and the probable, Vanzenza reached Naples, and again took poſſeſſion of the wretched dungeon in which he had formerly experienced ſo much ſuffering and ſorrow. Lucia, too, whoſe tenderneſs and ſpirited defence he could not forget, now preſſed upon his memory with pungent recollection. The ring he had ſeen reminded him of one formerly in the poſſeſſion of Count Francis, and preſented to him as a token of friendſhip by the mother of his Counteſs. But here his hope of elucidation dropped. There were more rings of the ſame deſcription; and he ſighed at the idea of that happineſs he enjoyed when firſt taught to look upon the revered Princeſs Beangana as his patroneſs.

Several weeks had tediouſly elapſed in an hourly expectation of being again called to defend a cauſe ſo horrible to the feelings of Vanzenza.

Confined in a dark, damp, and dreary dungeon, he almoſt wiſhed for the period of his enlargement, although clearly of opinion his death muſt ſpeedily follow. At length the awful day arrived which was appointed for his final examination—A circumſtance of this nature could not be concealed, and the court was crowded with a moſt ſplendid aſſembly of both ſexes.

Accompanied by the Lazeroni, who were decently attired, appeared Signor Taverini, who, placed near the judges, caſt looks of contempt, mingled with an expreſſion of fear, upon the humble yet compoſed victim he had ſo long attempted to cruſh, whoſe ſqualid appearance and dejected figure could not overcome a dignity which attended his calm and ſteady examination of his enemies.

The teſtimony of the Lazeroni was to this effect—That they had been tampered with by Roderigo Vanzenza to aſſaſſinate the late Count Francis; and, upon urging their reluctance to undertake ſuch a deed, he engaged three more to aſſiſt them; when, overcome by the ſplendor of the propoſed reward, they partly agreed to join in the villanous attempt.—At this time the ſuppoſed criminal was with his family upon a viſit at Riombino; but as ſoon as he had made this arrangement returned to his poſt under the Princeſs. Upon comparing the conſequences attending the execution of their promiſe, theſe two men refuſed to ratify it, and the buſineſs was done by the other confederates, who were ſince executed for a ſimilar tranſaction. They then aſſerted, that, ſtung by the reflection of being involved in ſuch a compact, they determined to diſcloſe the whole matter to Signor Taverini, which happened ſome time after Roderigo had been liberated, and ſwore point-blank to the truth of theſe aſſertions.

As this evidence was deemed abſolutely deciſive, the court proceeded to ſentence Roderigo Vanzenza to be broke upon the wheel; and this doom was pronounced amidſt the tears and exclamations of that noble audience.

The Count then ſtepped forward, and entreated to be heard; but, after condemnation, he was not permitted. Taverini, who, for reaſons which will hereafter appear, exulted moſt indecently over the fallen ſufferer, was about to leave the court, and turning about for that purpoſe, found himſelf ſtopped by the entrance of ſeveral people, among whom was a lady cloſe veiled. He then ſat down again till the buſtle ſhould be ſubſided. Roderigo was not withdrawn, and the place remained crowded, when, on a ſignal from the judge, the new-comers were placed directly in front; a ſolemn ſtillneſs enſued.

The lady ſlowly removing her veil, diſcovered the features of Juliana Counteſs of Vanzenza.—

Amazement ſtruck every one preſent; yet no one's aſtoniſhment equalled Taverini's. But what was his confuſion, when the Counteſs, addreſſing that monſter of iniquity, aſked him if he remembered that countenance; (pointing to a perſon with whom ſhe entered) and then added, "Receive your friend, Signor."---So ſaying, ſhe preſented to his recollection a figure the moſt formidable to his imagination.

----"Carlotti!" exclaimed Taverini, as he ſhrunk from this unwelcome appearance.

---Carlotti------yes!" returned the man. "You cannot have forgotten one to whom you have been ſo confeſſedly obliged!"

Taverini could not ſtand the taunting queſtion; he trembled univerſally---heſitated---turned pale, and would have retired; but this was not permitted; and he had the mortification of hearing Carlotti interrogated reſpecting his buſineſs there.

"I am come," ſaid the deſperado, with a bold, undaunted air, "to clear the innocent---denounce the guilty---and render up to the laws of my country a life, which is now become hateful.-------I," and he raiſed his voice to an awful pitch------"I, in conjunction with that villain, murdered the good Count Francis. Poſſeſſed of diabolical ſtrength, I firſt gagged, then ſtrangled him; but he," again looking at the ſinking Taverini------"he was my inſtigator to the bloody deed!----------he promiſed to free me from a proſecution, which (now renewed) muſt involve my life, if I would aſſiſt him.--I did aſſiſt him--and he kept off the danger I hinted at, which is of a treaſonable nature, till on a late application to him for money, he laughed at my requeſt, and has ever threatened my deſtruction. Now let him ward off his own!"

[To be continued.

FORCE OF HABIT.

A celebrated French author gives the following remarkable inſtance of the force of early habit, "When I was in the Ruſſian ſervice, ſays he, I frequently had the pleaſure of dining at the table of M. Villebois, grand-maſter of Artillery, who was a native of Finland. I obſerved that there was every day ſerved up to him a plate of grey color, I could not tell what, and ſimilar in form to ſmall pebbles. He ate very heartily of this diſh, but never preſented it to any one at table; though his entertainments were always given in the moſt elegant ſtyle, and every other diſh indiſcriminately recommended to his gueſts. He one day perceived me looking attentively at his favorite meſs; and aſked with a ſmile, if I would pleaſe to taſte it, I accepted his offer, and found that it conſiſted of little balls of curdled milk, ſalted and beſprinkled with aniſe ſeeds, but ſo hard and tough, that it coſt me inexpreſſible exertion to force my teeth through them; but to ſwallow them was abſolutely impoſſible"---"Theſe are, ſaid the Grand-Maſter to me, the cheeſes of my native country. It is a taſte which I acquired in my boyiſh days, I was accuſtomed when a child, to feed with peaſants on theſe coarſe milk beverages. When I am a travelling and have got a diſtance from great towns, or coming near a country village, I ſend on my ſervants and carriages before, and then my great delight is to go unattended and carefully muffled up in my cloak, into the houſe of the firſt peaſant on the road, and devour an earthen pot full of curdled milk, ſtuffed full of brown bread."

ANECDOTE.

AT the time when the amazing run of the Beggars' Opera took place, the galleries were very vociferous one night in the call out "Muſic, Muſic, Muſic!" and obſerving that no performers appeared in the orcheſtra to anſwer their calls, they became the more noiſy and riotous; ſo much ſo, that the Manager deſired Hall, who happened to be ſtanding near him, to ſtep forward, and acquaint the audience, that there was no muſic previous to an opera. Hall, proud of the office from his ſelf conceit, immediately began to adjuſt himſelf, and in his peculiar manner walked on. He bowed moſt conſequentially. "Hear him! Hear him!" was reiterated. At length ſilence permitted him to ſpeak. With a variety of pauſes, and his natural liſp, he proceeded:---"Ladies and Gentlemen---I am ordered by the Manager---that is ---I beg leave---to inform you---Ladies and Gentlemen---that---there is---no muſic at all in an Opera." A general burſt of laughter enſued; and Hall, after a moſt ſubmiſſive bow, ſtrutted off, fully convinced he had executed his commiſſion to the entire ſatisfaction of the manager and the public.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

[The following ELEGY was printed in the "Commercial Advertiſer," of the 28th ult. without the author's knowledge, and contrary to his intention. It was originally deſigned for the MUSEUM, but an intimate friend having obtained a copy, occaſioned its unexpected appearance.]

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ELIZA BRADHURST.

WHAT means this ſlow parade, this ſolemn toll,
That floats in hollow murmurs on the wind?
Speaks it the flight of ſome immortal ſoul,
Some happy youth to early death conſign'd?

Why heaves thy breaſt, old man! why from thine eye
Rolls the big tear adown thy aged cheek?
Say, do the ſorrows of thy ſoul deny
Thy falt'ring tongue the tale of woe to ſpeak?

Perhaps ſome much-lov'd friend, ſome partner dear,
Some tender babe, whom Heav'n hath call'd away,
Draws from thine eye the tributary tear,
And renders wretched thy declining day!

"It is indeed a much-lov'd friend," he ſaid,---
The precious dew of fond remembrance fell---
"In youth's full bloom her gentle ſpirit fled,
"And ſmiling, bade the world a laſt farewell.

"The young ELIZA was the ſweeteſt flow'r
"That Heav'n e'er gave on Earth's wide ſpace to bloom;
"But ah! 'twas ſnapt in one ill-fated hour,
"No more its former fragrance to reſume.

"Conſumption with his pale attendants came,
"The faireſt work of nature to deſtroy,
"Crept with ſlow conqueſt o'er her ſinking frame,
"And robb'd her parents of their chieſeſt joy.

"Ah! Sir, I knew her well; oft in theſe arms,
"When op'ning beauties crown'd the lovely child,
"I gaz'd, enraptur'd, on her infant charms,
"While ſportive innocence the hours beguil'd.

"As riper years matur'd her glowing mind,
"Virtue and grace in ev'ry action ſhone,
"She rang'd the fields of Science unconfin'd,
"And matchleſs Beauty claim'd her as her own.

"Yes, ſhe was gen'rous and was happy too,
"Misfortune's burning tear ſhe lov'd to dry;
"For well ſhe ſweet reward ſhe often knew,
"Whilſt mild benev'lence ſparkled in her eye.

"The prattling infants of the village gay,
"Gather ſoft precepts from her tongue no more;
"When bleak winds howl no more ſhe bends her way,
"To ſoothe the miſ'ries of the ſuffering poor.

"Forgive me, Sir, forgive an old man's grief!
"With weight of years and wretchedneſs oppreſt,
"'Tis Heav'n alone can yield the ſure relief,
"And lull the ſorrows of my ſoul to reſt.

"Often amid night's ſolitary gloom,
"When o'er the plain the fancied viſion flies,
"I'll pay a mournful viſit to her tomb,
"And wet the hallow'd ſpot wherein ſhe lies."

---He ceas'd,---and from his breaſt a heavy ſigh
Heav'd with tumultuous throbs, which ſpoke his ſoul;
The drop of anguiſh trembled in his eye,
And down his cheek in pearly ſilence ſtole.

October 29. D. M. C.

CONTENT.

Happy the man, but oh! how few we find
Who feel the pleaſures of a tranquil mind,
Who meet all bleſſings in content alone,
Nor knows a ſtation happier than his own;
No anxious cares diſturb his peaceful breaſt,
With life content, and with contentment bleſt,
No pangs he feels to break his calm repoſe,
No envy fears, for he no envy knows,

To man ſtill faithful, and to God reſign'd,
His body ſubject to its lord, the mind:
He muſt be good, for ſurely Heaven ne'er meant,
Without ſtrict virtue, to beſtow content:
'Tis not the glory falſe Ambition brings,
The wealth of miſers, or the power of kings,
Not all the fleeting joys by man poſſeſt,
Can give the human frame that heavenly gueſt;
Whate'er the nurſe of love or glory ſings,
Virtue alone the ſacred ſtranger brings.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF THE COLOR CALLED "*ISABELLA.*"

WHEN the Spaniards, in 1601, laid ſiege to Oſtend, then held by the Dutch, Iſabella---the wife of the archduke Albert, who commanded the beſieging army---made a vow that ſhe would not change her chemiſe till the town had capitulated. The garriſon defended itſelf during three whole years; and the chemiſe of the archduchess, as may be ſuppoſed, aſſumed a yellow hue. After the ſurrender of the place, which was reduced to a heap of ruins, the ladies in the train of that princeſs wiſhing to pay their court to her, introduced in their dreſs a color between white and yellow, which they called Iſabella. The name has been eſtabliſhed by faſhion, and has become common eſpecially on the continent.

SINGULAR ADDRESS.

SOON after the acceſſion of Charles the ſecond, he gave audience to an envoy from the Emperor of Morocco. The envoy's great talent was learning languages, and having by grammars and dictionaries acquired a complete knowledge of Engliſh, he wrote an addreſs to the Britiſh monarch, which begins as follows:

"May you long enjoy your preſent ſpeculative ſituation and as a tree was once your royal boot, may a tree be always ready for your majeſty. May you and your counſellors hang together, and may you never want any good thing that can be laid hold off. May your ſceptre be ſtrong in your royal hand, and may all your ſubjects fall down before it. May your progeny be numerous as the ſtars, and may the God of our fathers pickle your Majeſty until the end of time."

Finding that to preſerve was to pickle, this great linguiſt thought to pickle muſt be to preſerve.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

WHEN we are young we meet with ungrateful perſons; they diſguſt us: by degrees we become habituated to them; and at length conſider ingratitude as a victim natural ſo the human heart.

We are inceſſantly told that we muſt be born poets. Yes, in the ſame manner that we muſt be born muſicians, orators, or mechanics: that is, with the diſpoſitions neceſſary to become ſuch, which diſpoſitions muſt afterwards be unfolded and brought to perfection by ſtudy and exerciſe.

Honor reſides on the ſummit of a mountain; eagles fly, and reptiles can ſometimes creep to it.

We are more frequently duped by an exceſs of diſtruſt than an exceſs of confidence.

We often meet with, in the world, a ſort of extravagant perſons who affect to be worſe than they are; vice has her hypocrites as well as virtue.

It is the triumph of reaſon to live on good terms with thoſe who are deſtitute of reaſon.

Time does not paſs; it remains continually immoveable, while we paſs before it.

We ſeek in vain what we call fortune, if it does not ſeek us: coquetry is the dream of love.

ANECDOTE.

MACKLIN having written a comedy many years ago, ſhowed it to his friend Quin, and aſked his opinion of it; who gave him ſome hopes of its ſucceſs, but deſired him to wait a little before he brought it out.---His advice was complied with, and the next ſeaſon he was called upon again for his intereſt with Mr. Rich, to have it performed; but Quin had the addreſs to ſatisfy Macklin a ſecond time, by recommending him to wait a little longer. Shylock retired growling, but complied. Next year he applied again, confident of ſucceſs, but was aſtoniſhed at receiving the ſame anſwer as before. Unable now to contain himſelf, he aſked his patron, peeviſhly, "how much longer he would have him to wait?" "Till the day of judgment," replied Quin, "when you and your play may be d---'d together."

REMARKS.

BEAUTY is arbitrary; agreeableneſs is ſomething more real, and more independent of taſte and opinion.

THE advantage of living does not conſiſt in length of days but in the right improvement of them. As many days as we paſs without doing ſome good, are ſo many days entirely loſt.

HOW ſatirical is that praiſe which commends a man for virtues, that all the world knows he has not!

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1802.

The City Clerk reports the death of 51 perſons during the week ending on the 30th ult viz---Of ſudden death 1, Conſumption 13, Whooping Cough 1, Dyſentery 1, Conſumption and Dropſy 1, Decline 1, Scarlet Fever 1, Dropſy 2, Derangement 1, Fits 3, Hives 1, Drowned 2, Burned 1, Childbed 2, Meaſles 1, Carbuncle 1, Small Pox, 2, Complaint of the Lungs 1, Cramp of the Stomach 1, Debility 1, Sore Leg 1, Old Age 3, and 9 of diſeaſes not mentioned. Of the whole number 27 were adults, 16 children, and 8 not diſtinguiſhed.

On Tueſday evening laſt, about half paſt 8 o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out in Bridge-ſtreet, in Mr Evans's livery ſtable, which ſoon communicated to the adjoining buildings, and extended its ravages through into Stone-ſtreet. The ſcene was awful beyond deſcription; and the flames after deva ſtating nine dwellings, were happily gotten under at eleven o'clock.

Capt. Noble, of the Brig Friends Adventure, who arrived here on Saturday in 17 days from Cape Francois, informs us that in the night of the 8th October, a party of the negroes of St. Domingo, took forcible poſſeſſion of Port-de-Paix, and it is expected have maſſacred moſt of its inhabitants. Two boats full of people who had fled, arrived at the Cape, ſome of them mortally wounded. On the 10th, the Admiral ſent a frigate and a ſloop of war, with troops, to endeavor to retake it; with what ſucceſs, Capt. Noble could not learn, as he ſailed on the 11th. At this departure he heard very heavy cannonading off Port-de Paix. On the 22d, in lat. 32, 40, N. long. 72, 52, W. ſpoke a ſhip from England, bound to New-Providence, with hoops, very much diſabled, having carried away her main-topmaſt and main yard, and ſplit all her ſails to pieces.

Information received from Algiers, as late as the 16th of Auguſt, ſtates, that on the 5th of that month two French 74's, a corvette, and brig of war, under the command of a rear-admiral, arrived at Algiers, having on board General Hulen, a French agent demanding a renunciation of all pecuniary claims on the French, an admiſſion of the Italian Republic to a free navigation, the ſevere puniſhment of two Algerine captains who had ill treated two French captains, by throwing overboard national diſpatches, and ſloging a French captain at Nunis. He further demanded the reſtoration of three Neapolitan veſſels with their cargoes and crews, captured by Algerine corſairs on the Coaſt of France;---and declared that France would not give a Mediterranean paſſport to any national veſſel whatever. In all theſe demands the Dey reluctantly acquieſced. Eight corſairs were under weigh when the French hove in ſight, but immediately thereafter returned, and did not ſail until the 14th of Auguſt a French veſſel of war arrived from Paris, after a paſſage of 12 days, bringing an aid-de-camp of Bonaparte with letters to the Dey, informing him that he would double his vengeance on the regency in caſe of any further irritation, and would eraſe Algiers from the liſt of piratical nations. The two Algerine captains have been put in priſon and have been ſeverely puniſhed; and it is ſaid, that they would have loſt their heads but for the interpoſition of the French Agent.

The French are to have Lecalle, which they mean to fortify, and are to enjoy the commercial privileges ſpecified in the treaty made in Dec. laſt. It is further ſtated that they demand a fortified factory at Bona. On the 15th of Auguſt, the French agent ſailed, in an armed brig, for Marſeilles. The next day was fixed for the departure of the admiral and his fleet, for Tunis. No Engliſh agent or naval force had appeared at Algiers---Spain had acquieſced in her previous arrangements. It was apprehended at Algiers that the Dey, in order recover his popularity which had been much ſhaken by his ſubmiſſion to the French, would ſeek a rupture with either the Danes, Swedes, Dutch or Americans.

A letter from Malaga, dated Auguſt 10, ſtates, commodore Morris, with the frigate Adams, and the Schooner Enterpriſe, to be at Gibraltar waiting the iſſue of Mr Simpſon's negociation at Tetuan. Admiral de Winter, with three ſail of the line, and ſome ſmall veſſels, proceeded from Malaga on the 9th Auguſt for Algiers, to accommodate the differences between the Batavian Government and the Regencies of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. The Swediſh frigates ſtill continued to grant convoy to the Americans. [Nat. Intel.

Extract of a letter from New Orleans, to a merchant in this city, dated September, 18th 1802.

"Since our laſt, the Intendant has determined to ſhut the port immediately on the publication of the peace; orders for which are hourly expected by the next Packet. Letters have been received here from the higheſt authority in Madrid, which ſtate poſitively that Louiſiana does not remain ceded in France.

Extract of a letter, dated St. Vincennes, Sept. 11.

"I have now to communicate the pleaſing reſult of our council with the Indians. Every object for which it was holden, ſo far as it relates to us, is completely obtained. They liſtened with attention, and apparent pleaſure, to the plans propoſed for their advancement in civilization. They all promiſed their firmeſt ſupport in carrying the meaſures of the preſident into effect. To governor Harriſon's perſeverance and unremitted attention its ſucceſsful iſſue is juſtly to be aſcribed.

"The Indians have relinquiſhed to the United States a beautiful fertile country, twenty-four leagues ſquare---It extends north and ſouth from Point Coupee to the mouth of White river, and from a line drawn parallel to the ſource of the Wabaſh, twelve miles to the weſt of this town, acroſs towards the Ohio---It is expected it will extend to, or near the Illinois grant. They have alſo granted the privilege of working the great ſalt ſpring, on the ſaline river, near the Ohio, with four miles ſquare of land, including the ſpring, which will afford a plentiful ſupply of fuel for the ſalt works that will there be erected---It is unqueſtionably the beſt ſalt ſpring that is poſſeſſed by the weſtern country. Arrangements will ſhortly be made by government for the diſpoſal of this tract of country; and we may juſtly felicitate ourſelves with the pleaſing hope, that at no diſtant period, our wilderneſſes that are now traverſed only by ſavages and wild beaſts, will give way to wealthy populous ſettlements."

Extract of a letter from a houſe in Liverpool, dated 16th September.

"On the night of the 14th inſt. we were ſpectators of a fire, which in calamitous conſequences has out of London perhaps ſeldom been ſurpaſſed in this country.---The great warehouſe of Mr. France, by much the largeſt in Liverpool, was about 10 o'clock diſcovered on fire; between this immenſe pile and George's Dock ſtood a large row of warehouſes, the ſtreet between which, and the former, was ſo confined, that the ſmoke damping down upon the firemen, it became impoſſible for them to work the engines. Between 12 and 1 o'clock the flames burſt out, and by a little after 3 the whole was demoliſhed! The row of warehouſes next to the dock was in the meantime in flames, the effect of which, from the quantity of corn, cotton, ſugar, rum, tallow, &c. which they contained, was dreadful in the extreme. The wind fortunately was from the weſt, which drove the fire from the Dock, the ſhipping in which muſt otherwiſe have been inevitably conſumed. The damage is eſtimated to be from 5000,000l. to 7000,000, and too probable it will be nearer the latter than the former. The manner in which it was occaſioned has not been aſcertained---happily no lives were loſt. The goods ſaved were inconſiderable, but nothing could be more orderly or creditable than the conduct of the populace.

[From the Ohio Gazette, Oct 4.

Some time in July laſt, Mr. William Warner, of this county, was loſt in the woods between the Scioto ſalt works and the head waters of leading creek, for twenty-four days---during which time he had nothing to eat but one pole cat and a wood turtle (neither of them were cooked) and the buds and leaves of trees, principally eating thoſe of the ſaſſafras. When he ſaw the pole cat, his ſtrength was almoſt exhauſted, but found means to kill it, and with his Teeth (having no other inſtrument) tore it to pieces, and of this animal (even the ſight of which, to a perſon not in a ſimilar ſituation, is very diſagreeable) he made a moſt delicious meal. During twenty-two days he ſaw no human being; but two days before he was found by Mr. Everet, he was ſeen by a hunter, at a time when he was quite deranged, who not knowing his ſituation, paſſed on without affording the relief, which he did not know was wanting. One of his feet was bit by a ſnake, having loſt his ſhoes, in conſequence of which he was obliged for ſeveral days to go on his hands and knees. At firſt he diſcovered no inclination to eat, but when he had taſted victuals, nothing but the ſuperior ſtrength of thoſe, to whoſe hoſpitality he was indebted for his recovery, prevented the remedy proving worſe than the diſeaſe.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HYMEN, ariſe! thine altar glad adorn!
And uſher in with joy the happy morn!
Glad tidings ſing, ſweet Siſters, aid the lay,
And all thy feſtive notes at large diſplay:
With joy the graces lead each happy pair,
And with ſweet echoes rend the cheerful air.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Collier, Mr. GEORGE FORBES, to Miſs SUSANNAH ANDERSON, both of this city.

On Tueſday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Livingſton, D. S. JONES, Eſq to Miſs MARGARET JONES, both of this city.

On Thurſday, by the Right Rev Biſhop Moore, HENRY M BEARE, Eſq to Miſs CHARLOTTE YOUNG, grand daughter of Thomas Marſton, Eſq. of Proſpect, on York Iſland.

MORTALITY.

Like Pilgrims, to th' appointed place we tend;
The world an inn, and death the journey's end.

DIED,

On Sunday laſt, of a conſumption, Miſs ELIZABETH COLON, of this city; who, to the many virtues that adorn the chriſtian, added every noble principle of the mind. Her converſation was lively and impreſſive, her piety void of hypocriſy, and her fortitude ſuch as is ſeldom to be found in the female breaſt, which, during a life full of trials and perplexing difficulties, of thirty years and ſeven months, in her laſt lingering illneſs, and even in the hour of death, never forſook her. She taught her friends and relatives never to put their truſt in ſublunary things, but follow the pattern of our Lord and Saviour, thereby ſhewing her certain hope of a bleſſed immortality in a better world.---Reader! whoever thou art, pray with fervency and ſincerity, that thou mayeſt follow the pattern ſhe made it her conſtant endeavor to imitate, then ſhalt thou look up in that certain hope ſhe did, to a bleſſed immortality; in thy ſevereſt trials ſhalt thou find an inward comforter, and even in the hour of death ſhalt thou not be forſaken.

HORRID!

On Monday evening the 20th Sept. John Williams, (of Ogelthrope county, Georgia,) his wife, and two children were all found dead with their throats cut from ear to ear. A razor was found in Williams's hand. From this and other circumſtances, the jury gave it as their opinion that the murder was committed by him. Monitor.

An Engliſhman and an American in Paris, having made a wager of 200l. as to which of them could remain longeſt under water, plunged both together into the Seine on the 4th Fructidor. The Engliſhman continued under water five minutes and fifteen ſeconds, and the American five minutes forty-two ſeconds, which is conſidered as very aſtoniſhing diving. The Engliſhman has not yet given up the conteſt, but has challenged his antagoniſt to another trial for double the ſum, which the American has accepted

25,000 Dollars the higheſt prize.

For ſale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.
TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. I, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

One or two decent perſons can be accommodated with Board and Lodging, and a convenient room ſuitable for a ſtudy, if required, at 433 Pearl-Street. Nov. 6.

THEATRE.
This evening will be preſented the TRAGEDY of
Douglas.
To which will be added,
Death of Captain Cook.

JUST PUBLISHED,
And for ſale by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,
The Beggar Boy,
A Novel.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFEZ.

[BY I. NOTT.

UNLESS my fair one's cheek be near
To tinge thee with superior red,
How vain, O roſe, thy boaſted bloom!
Unleſs, prime ſeaſon of the year,
The grape's rich ſtreams be round thee ſhed,
Alike how vain is thy perfume!

In ſhrubs which ſkirt the ſcented mead,
Or garden's walk embroider'd gay,
Can the ſweet voice of joy be found—
Unleſs to harmonize the ſhade,
The nightingale's ſoft-warbled lay
Pour melting melody around?

Thou ſlow'ret trembling to the gale,
And thou, O cypreſs! waving ſlow
Thy greenhead in the ſummer air;
Say—what will all your charms avail,
If the dear maid, whoſe bluſhes glow
Like living tulips, be not there?

The nymph who tempts with honied lip,
With cheeks that ſhame the vernal roſe,
In rapture we can ne'er behold,
Unleſs with kiſſes fond we ſip
The luſcious balm that lip beſtows—
Unleſs our arms that nymph enfold.

Sweet is the roſe empurpled bow'r,
And ſweet the juice diſtilling bright
In rills of crimſon from the vine:
But are they ſweet, or have they power,
To bathe the ſenſes in delight,
Where Beauty's preſence does not ſhine?

Nay, let the magic hand of Art
The animated picture grace,
With all the hues it can deviſe;
Yet this no pleaſure will impart,
Without the ſoul enchanting face,
Tinctur'd with Nature's purer dyes.

But what's thy life, O Hafez! ſay,
A coin that will no value bear,
Altho' by thee 'tis priz'd in vain;
Not worthy to be thrown away
At the rich banquet of thy fair,
Where boundleſs Love and Pleaſure reign.

SONG

YOU may brag of your Gen'rals as old as you pleaſe,
Such as great Alexander, and Cyrus and Cæſar;
I boaſt of a Gen'ral outſhining all theſe,
And his name I'll announce by and by with much pleaſure.

Of thoſe famous warriors, what rais'd their renown
But rapine, and murder, and miſchief, and ruin?
Razing many a beautiful village and town,
And many a peaceable nation undoing?

Far different the fame of my Chief, very far!
It ne'er was acquir'd by ſuch horrible deeds:
For the country's improv'd where he carries on war,
And the people are pleas'd when his proweſs ſucceeds.

At firſt this aſſertion may puzzle belief,
But I'm ſure you'll acknowledge it perfectly fair,
When I tell you the name of this notable Chief,
In plain Engliſh language is—GEN'RAL REPAIR.

ANECDOTES.

SOME years ſince, during the performance at Drury lane, a lady's black cloak hanging over the green boxes accidentally took fire. Jack Bannister, who was performing, confuſed by the accident, forgot his cue, and could not hear the prompter. After a long pauſe, he ſtepped forward, and ſaid, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the fire of my recollection is quite extinguiſhed!"

So audacious are our thieves become, that a gentleman at Walworth was robbed a few days ago of his ſpectacles off his noſe, which a fellow ſnatched at and run away. We know not what precautions to recommend, if people are not ſafe who have all their eyes about them.

MORALIST.

THERE is a Being who fills all ſpace; whoſe goodneſs hovers round to ſmooth the paths which his wiſdom obliges us to tread, and make every pain an avenue to joy. He who protects the careleſs ſlumbers of luxuriant health, will not abandon the couch of agony, nor withdraw from ſinking nature that hand which had poured unnumbered bleſſings on its hour of eaſe. On the ſolitary gloom his interpoſing preſence will pour ineffable brightneſs, and throng the deſolate intellect with delight, of which an idea was never conveyed by ſenſe, nor a glimpſe allowed to fancy in its moſt aſpiring excurſions. This is the voice of enthuſiaſm—it is the promiſe of Eternal Truth—of HIM who deſcended as at this time to lend new aids to laboring reaſon, to withdraw the veil from mortality, and atone for the deficiencies of obedient weakneſs. Man in ſociety was the great object of his care, and the refinement of the ſocial propenſity, his ruling ſolicitude. He taught us to intermix for general happineſs, not mutual prey; amidſt the ſweets of intercourſe to ſhun the depravation of nature, and keep ſenſibility alive to miſery as well as joy. In the effuſions of affection to loſe every ſentiment of aſperity—and glide in a reciprocation of beneficence down the ſtream of contemporary being. In this great ſcheme of benignity, he who ſteadily ſuſtains his part, will feel a ſecret influence aſſiſting his obedience, and when called forever from the ways of men, is ſure to meet the comforter in his paſſage.

GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER and PEWTERER, No. 298 Water-ſtreet, between Peck and New-ſlips, reſpectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above buſineſs extenſively; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and diſpatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured, equal to any imported. ☞ Worms for ſtills, Candle Moulds, and a general aſſorment of Pewter Articles.——An Apprentice wanted to the above buſineſs. Oct. 16, 29 1y

For the Uſe the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and ſoftening the ſkin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a moſt exquiſite delicacy—this article is ſo well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and ſold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-ſtreet, New-York.

Likewiſe to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete aſſortment of every article in his line, ſuch as, Pomatums of all ſorts, common and ſcented Hair Powder, a variety of the beſt Soaps and Waſh Balls, Eſſences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roſes, Aſiatic Balſam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the beſt kind, handſome Dreſſing Caſes for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoiſe ſhell and Ivory Combs, Swanſdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. June 26 13 3m

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redneſs of the Noſe, Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been adminiſtered by the inventor, for ſeveral years while in England with the greateſt ſucceſs. By the ſimple application of this fluid for a ſhort time, it will remove the moſt rancorous and alarming ſcurvy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It poſſeſſes all the good qualities of the moſt celebrated coſmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every perſon ſo afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Diſpenſary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, ſold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. July 24

Almanacs

By the groce, dozen, &c. for ſale at No. 3 Peck-ſlip.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A REPORT having prevailed for ſome time, that the FURRIERS, who carry on buſineſs in WILLIAM STREET, have, from time to time, ſold colored or dyed Bear and Martin Skin Muffs and Tippets, and attempted to palm them on the public as the genuine color of the ſkin:——I beg leave thus publicly and ſolemnly to declare, that I never have ſold any ſuch baſe and ſpurious articles; and altho' I cannot deny the probability of SUCH articles having been offered for ſale in the above-mentioned Street, yet I pledge myſelf to my friends, cuſtomers and the public, that none ſuch have, or ever ſhall be offered for ſale in my ſtore. FRANCIS WUNNENBERG.

120 William-Street, Sept. 30, 1802. 27 3m

JOHN WENDEL, *FURRIER*,

No. 118 William-ſtreet,

Returns his ſincere thanks to his friends and the public for their paſt encouragement, and hopes that notwithſtanding the envious inſinuations of his competitors, to merit a continuance of their patronage. He has now on hand an extenſive aſſortment of MUFFS and TIPPETS, which, will be diſpoſed of at reduced prices, viz.

North-weſt brown Martin		MUFFS and	TIPPETS,
Martin Tail and Tip		do.	do.
Common	do.	do.	do.
Mock	do.	do.	do.
German	do.	do.	do.
Brown and Black Gener,		do.	do.
Fine Canada Bear		do.	do.
Silver Grey Ruſſia	do.	do.	do.
Red Fox		do.	do.

With a large collection of TRIMMINGS for Cloaks, and Martin Skin Caps, of every deſcription.

The above goods are warranted to be equal in quality to any manufactured in the United States. Oct. 16. 4w

NOTICE.

THE Subſcriber having ſeen and read a Note directed to the Public, dated September 30th, 1802, reſpecting a report ſaid to have been propagated, namely that the furriers in William ſtreet palming dyed or coloured Martin Muffs and Tippets on the public as the genuine and natural colour of the Fur.—And likewiſe an Advertiſement of a variety of Muffs, Tippets, and Caps, for ſale in the above named ſtreet—Takes leave to inform the public in general, or any individual, by what means to diſcover the impoſition above alluded to: If they or any of them are already deceived as aforeſaid, in order to diſcover dyed or coloured fur, blow thereon, and you will find the ſkin dark, contrary to the genuine, which is white; likewiſe wet the finger of a white kid glove, rub the ſame on the ſhort fur next to the ſkin, and you will find the glove ſtained. But, as you may yet be deceived, notwithſtanding the above directions, I ſhall name another that cannot fail; that is, the dyed or colored muffs are preciſely one ſhade without ſuch dark ſtripes as are on the natural or genuine. If any perſon or perſons ſhould think their own judgment incompetent to diſcover ſaid fraud, they may call at No. 84 Maiden-lane, or at No. 1 Liberty-ſtreet, and I pledge myſelf to diſcover the dyed or colored fur from the natural ſhade of any kind whatſoever. In the adverti[ſe]ment above intended, I find offered for ſale a variety of articles in the fur line; and having followed the Furriers buſineſs for 20 years in Europe and America, find himſelf at a loſs what is meant by German brown muffs and tippets. The Martin fur worked in Germany is not ſo dark and valuable as our Albany Martins. As to mock Brown Martin fur if that be not dyed or coloured, I know not what to name it.—Black Genet fur is black Cat; brown do. is colored Cat; mock Martin, ſo called by many, is Mink fur. CARL A. HOFFMANN, FURRIER.

October 23, 1802. 4w.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Juſt publiſhed, and to be had at Fenelon's Head, No. 1 of the City Hotel, Broadway, a SUPPLEMENT to the CATALOGUE of H. CARITAT's general and encreaſing Circulating Library, part III, containing a ſelection from his laſt importations of the lateſt and moſt approved books in all ARTS and SCIENCES, being a continuation of the original collection, the firſt catalogue of which was publiſhed in the year 1799, to be had alſo at ſaid Library to make the preſent complete. 28th Auguſt.

Printed & Publiſhed by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Price—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.

PAID IN ADVANCE.